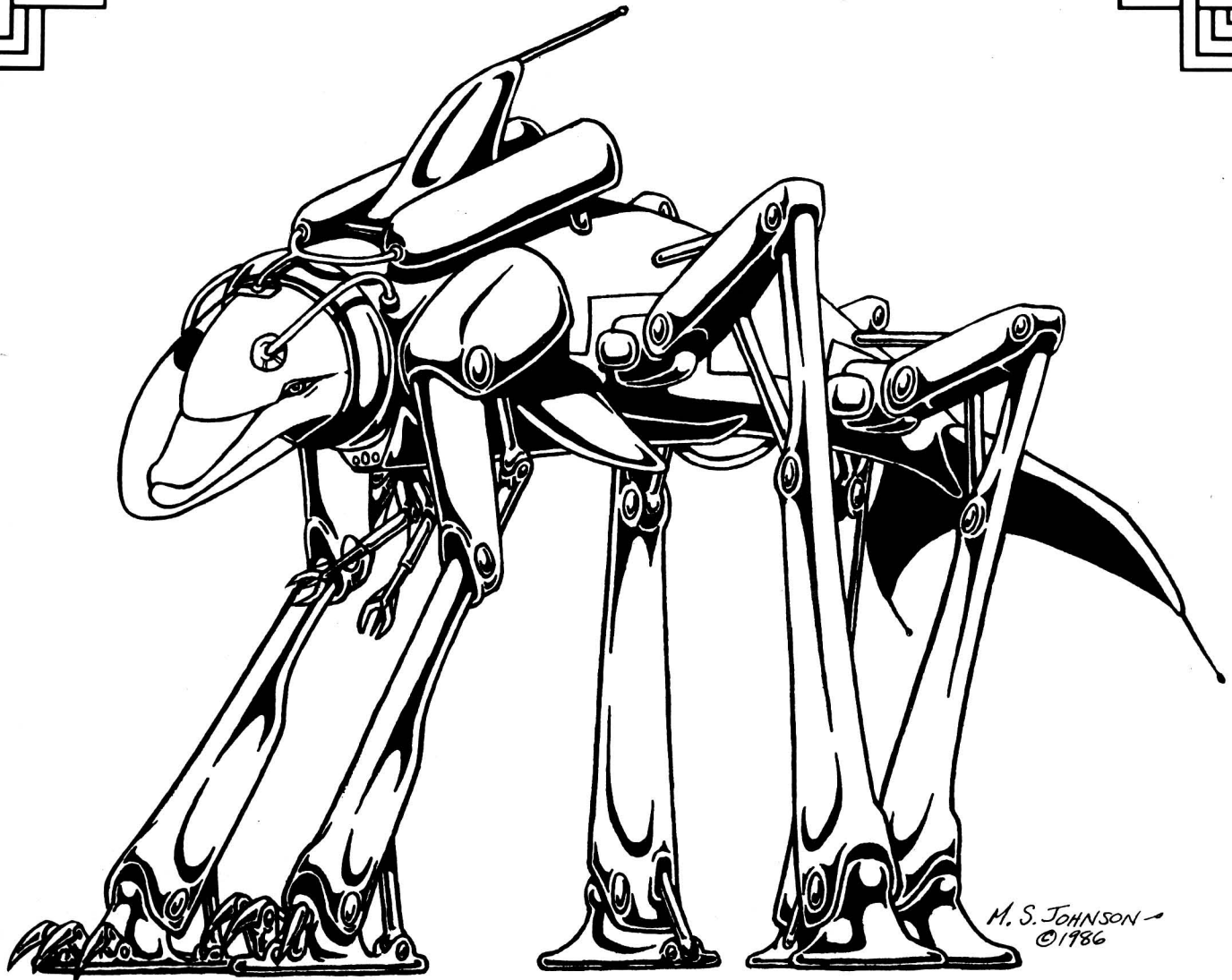


PYROTECHNICS

★ The **G** Newsletter & Fanzine



Cetacean Mobile Environmental Interactive Device - CM3

Issue # 39

PyroTechnics 39

The Now & Then Newsletter of General Technics

What Goes Around, Comes Around

Mary Lynn Skirvin Johnson

Well folks, here it is, PyroTechnics #39, a bit long in the coming and a tad different than the last few issues, but here none the less. As you can see, things have changed since Jamie Hanrahan decided to pass the baton to Midwest fandom.

Funny thing though, while Pyro itself is moving forward, its format actually harks back to its beginnings. Pyro's first editor, Jeff Duntemann, made newsletters much like this in the early days of General Technics in an effort to get gadgeteers like himself together to share ideas. When Jeff could no longer keep Pyro going while pursuing his career, he then passed the job to Lee Hart. Lee and the Ann Arbor techies tried very hard to keep things going, but soon found that interest had waned, making it very difficult to get articles out of folks. Eventually, he gave up and handed the whole works to Jamie and Gail Hanrahan. When they premiered their first Pyro, we were all astonished to see Huge Issues, partially mimeoed, and rich in quality. Unfortunately, the size and technique both contributed to its third decline. It had become too much work, and as Jamie once said, priorities changed.

Two years passed, and bit by bit, folks around here began talking about bringing Pyro home. Taking a chance that all this talk was actually genuine interest, I started the ball rolling by calling Jamie and asking if he wanted to pass it on. He said he would, and after several discussions with some of the veteran Giers, it became more and more apparent that there really was excitement and interest in getting it off the ground again.

And here it is.

I hope you enjoy our efforts, and will help us to revitalize Pyrotechnics by contributing and subscribing. And, to make that all easier, what follows is a summary of the changes and guidelines that we will be using. Granted, these may be radically different from what has gone before, but in order for Pyro to not only start again but survive, they are necessary.

THE NEW STAFF - Whereas Pyro has previously been the effort of one or two stalwart people, we have assembled a group of volunteers who will try to cover for one another when mundane obligations prevent one from helping. This is a list of those people, and the tasks they've agreed to take on...

Bill Higgins and Barry Gehm - Editors; Sam Parzis - ReproMan; Alice and Mike Bentley - Mailing List; Connie Trembley - Treasurer; and Mary Lynn Johnson - Mailbox, Surrogate Treasurer (until Connie has her baby), and Chief Whipcracker. ** AND LAST MINUTE PROOFREADER!*

MAIL - For the time being, all mail is to be sent to me in the following fashion:

PYROTECHNICS
c/o Mary Lynn Johnson
901 Lorlyn Dr. #3B
West Chicago, Ill. 60185

This does not mean that you need to write all letters to me. What I will do is sort the mail and see to it that it is given to the responsible parties. I also work at home a lot, which means I can field large packages better. Maybe soon we can accept articles over modem, but not yet. We'll let you know.

SUBSCRIPTIONS - Pyro will no longer be available for "the usual". This means that we will no longer be giving out free issues of Pyro to those who contribute art, articles, LoCs, etc. Sorry folks, but TANSTAAFL. This is a real effort to make Pyro a totally self-supporting newsletter that will need little or no outside financial sandbagging.

Pyro will be issued on a quarterly basis, and is available for \$4.00 for four issues. The current theory is to do three regular sized issues and one large one. More information on this later. For now, checks should be made out to me: Mary Lynn Johnson, and mailed to the address mentioned above. I would also appreciate it if you write 'PYRO' in big friendly letters in the 'Notes' portion of your check. Money Orders are also acceptable, but DO NOT SEND CASH OR STAMPS!!! And, if you're from Canada, or outside the USA, use a Postal Money Order available at your local Post Office.

DEADLINES - The next deadline is November 12. That means that if you want to submit something for consideration for the next issue, it MUST reach us by that date. If it arrives later, it will be shunted to the next issue.

ART SUBMISSIONS - Please don't send originals! A good photocopy is good enough for our purposes. Since everything gets reduced by 65%, it is recommended that you make cartoons approximately five inches square. Other sizes can be used, like half pages, covers, etc. but good fillos and cartoons are what we need most. Also, it was determined early on that we would NOT be using Macintosh graphics. We also can't use art that is done in anything less than BLACK ink.

We can use photos if they are clear enough. Once again, bear in mind that they will be reduced and, in order to avoid contrast problems, they will be copied using a halftone copy screen.

TEXT SUBMISSIONS - Remember the old litany? "Five inches wide and Justified." That's what we'll be using from now on. The technique we're going to use for pasting up an issue involves using text that is five inches wide and justified, laid out in two columns on a sheet of

paper 13"x17" in size. Then it is reduced by 65%. With this in mind, what follows is a guideline for submitting a camera-ready article:

Aside from the above; vertically, you should have five lines per inch; horizontally, 10 characters per inch or Pica-sized print.

Letter quality, or near letter quality is best for our needs. For those of you with dot-matrix printers, please use a BLACK ribbon.

For those of you who can't format your article on a printer, just send us your material in a clear, readable form. We'll take it from there.

GENERAL SUBMISSION INFO - Submissions to Pyrotechnics will not be returned unless you include a self-addressed envelope with sufficient postage on it for the return. This includes disks, photos, and art. We can't be responsible for originals or disks that are damaged in the mail.

GUEST PYROS - Once again, we invite groups or individuals to consider doing a Guest Pyro. Please write for more information.

And there you have it. We're going to do our level best to adhere to our schedule, and get Pyro into your mailbox 4 times a year. We will need your help and support to make it work, though, so send in articles, Berserker reviews, product reviews, newsy things, art, etc., NOW!!!!

By His Bootstraps

Barry Gehm

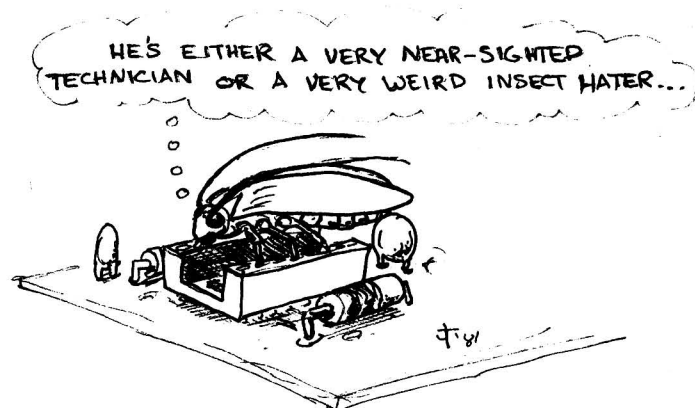
Occasionally it grieves a reviewer to report on a seemingly useful book that is in fact loaded with fraud, deceit, deception and misinformation. Usually, however, we enjoy it. That's why I enjoyed LIVING ON A SHOESTRING by George M. Ewing.

To begin with, the title is misleading. I opened this book in the hopeful expectation of learning how to live on those little appreciated delicacies, shoestrings. Indeed, the book's title suggested it would provide the knowledge necessary to subsist for an extended period on only one of the little beauties, presumably containing recipes for shoestring helper, bootlace tea, and so on.

NO! Not only no subsistence recipes, but none at all! No shoestring chowder, no jellied shoelaces, not even my personal favorite, aglets au gratin. Talk about your disappointments -- good cookwear footbooks (I mean, footwear cookbooks) are hard to find.

Anyway, the text of the book purports to be a guide to getting something for nothing on a regular basis, urging its readers to frequent city dumps, garage sales, flea markets, train wrecks and garbage cans, where they will supposedly find a cornucopia of useful objects such as old TVs, washing machines, radar screens, Coast Guard hovercrafts, robots and geodesic domes (some assembly may be required). Still no shoestrings, though.

In a feeble attempt to provide some shreds of evidence for these wild claims, Mr. Ewing relates a number of ludicrous anecdotes, doubtless cribbed from the works of Baron Munchausen, in which he describes various feats of scrounging carried off (pun intended) by him and his "friends." In the first of these fantasies, which Mr. Ewing refers to as "case histories," one of his ever-anonymous "friends" takes out a newspaper ad offering to take non-functional televisions and radios off people's hands for them. Some insight into what sort of mind advertises for trash is provided by Mr. Ewing's further private assertion that he met this individual while the



latter was climbing the side of a dormitory stringing antenna wire up a downspout (or down an upspout; he is rather vague on this point). What Spiderman did with all those busted TVs is as problematical as where he gets his shoestrings. (You know, those long ones he shoots out of his wrist.)

Sinking deeper into delirium, Mr. Ewing goes on to describe how he once provided accommodations for some twenty "friends" by constructing an "air tent" from polyethylene sheeting and an electric fan. Anyone foolish enough to believe this would probably be foolish enough to risk asphyxiation by getting inside such a contraption, but I find it hard to believe Mr. Ewing managed to find twenty people whose mothers had not warned them about putting plastic bags over their heads. Excavation of Mr. Ewing's back yard would probably provide grisly evidence of the true number. Not surprisingly, the names of the ~~victims~~ guests are not revealed.

Mr. Ewing is obviously covering his tracks (size 14, EEE). For instance, he claims to have lived for a year (including winter) in the north woods of Michigan in a geodesic dome he constructed. Ah, but where is the dome, Mr. Ewing, that we may see it ourselves? Oh, well, it seems that some of Mr. Ewing's mysterious "friends" came and destroyed it. Doubtless these are the same "friends" who slept in the air tent, and so are no longer available to confirm or refute Mr. Ewing's absurd claims. (Let me make it clear that I do not doubt that Mr. Ewing did indeed spend the winter in the woods; those who have seen him report that he closely resembles a hastily depilated grizzly bear, and I doubt not that he was curled up in a snug cave all winter. It is the disappearing dome that I find dubious. What kind of "friends" come and destroy your house?)

A similar lack of documentation pervades all of these so-called "case histories": who, for instance, is the mysterious "kid" who stiffed the U.S. Army for an entire crate of electronic components for three bucks? Or the moron with the rubbish ad? Or the clowns who built a robot out of a trash can? Do you really expect us to believe these people exist, Mr. Ewing?

No, it won't wash. No sane person will believe that broken TVs have any worth, or that electronics companies toss salvageable equipment into their dumpsters, or that valuable material can be found at the city dump. No, dear readers, don't even bother to look. Even if there were anything to it, ~~there would be no way to find it~~ ~~there would be no way to find it~~ ~~there would be no way to find it~~ Mr. Ewing probably got there first.

As for you, Mr. Ewing, your shoes are untied.

LIVING ON A SHOESTRING was published by Wayne Green Publications, which then went belly-up. Believers in divine retribution (or simple cause-and-effect) are invited to draw their own conclusions. It may be possible to find copies in used book stores, especially those catering to ham radio operators.

George Ewing is a long-standing member of General Technics, and has photographs of GTers dismantling his dome-house. Barry Gehm is clearly visible in the photos.

Diary of a Space Cadet

Bill Higgins

May, 1961: I'm watching TV with my mom. A rocket stands on a Florida beach, looking very lonely now that the gantry has been rolled away. I learn that the skinny thing beside it is a "cherry picker" the astronaut can use to escape disaster, up till the final five minutes. The events of the day will involve loud noises, jets of flame, giant control rooms with lots of blinking lights and CRT's, helicopters, aircraft carriers—it could almost have been designed intentionally to appeal to a kid who's fascinated with machines. Just completing first grade, I am already hooked.

Spring, 1964: My parents are worried. The kid spends too much time reading, and daydreaming, and not enough at other childish activities. They order me to check out library books that are *not* about science. I comply, and read them without much interest. I have discovered the Winston science-fiction juveniles, especially Lester Del Rey's, in the school library. *Fireball XL5* is on NBC Saturday mornings, *Superstar* on CKLW during the week. Everything about space enthalls me. I am beginning to design my own nuclear-powered rockets.

Fall, 1964: Miss Greif teaches about something called an "essay." An essay is a few paragraphs about a single subject. For mine I choose to write about "The Future of Space Travel." My penmanship is dubious, but by now I am used to the cartridge pens St. Scholastica requires. I open a book just once, to check on the spelling of "satellite." How many T's, how many L's? Eventually Miss Greif returns my essay with a failing grade and the angry note, "I DIDN'T WANT YOU TO COPY IT OUT OF AN ENCYCLOPEDIA!" My parents help to straighten out the confusion; I am mad—but I am obscurely proud of being mistaken for an encyclopedia author. Mother and Dads are working hard on teaching me humility.

Summer, 1968: Something called the Hugh O'Brian Foundation sponsors a nationwide contest. One teenager from each state will be treated to a week at Cape Kennedy, learning about space from experts, touring the launch facilities, even getting to meet Wernher von Braun. They will be judged on the quality of their essays. I fill out the forms, and get my essay typed. I am chosen to be first runner-up from the state of Florida; if anything happens to the winner, I get to go. They won't tell me who the winner is. Too much chance that I'll go break his leg...

Spring, 1975: Von Braun comes to speak at Notre Dame, to celebrate the centennial of the College of Engineering. I finally get to shake hands with the man who is a hero of mine, despite the V-2, despite ICBM's. We chat about enthusiasts (like the young WvB) pioneering technologies on a shoestring. He thinks ocean engineering may be next. Meanwhile, in a professor's stack of old *Physics Today*'s I discover Gerard O'Neill's first article on giant cities in orbit at the Lagrange points. I am delighted at the audacity of the proposal. Next year I will publish an article about it in the undergraduate science magazine.

August, 1977: Andy Cohen, Barry Gehm, and I are goofing around in the house on Durand Street in East Lansing. There's an L5 Society now, but we think they're a bit peculiar. Spacehappy. Overenthusiastic. "That joke 'Home on Lagrange' is standard by now," I say, "but, you know, somebody ought to write the whole song..." Somebody turns out to be Barry and me. For several days we are writing new verses in the shower or over dinner, then phoning each other up at the lab to sing them. At Worldcon, I distribute dittoed copies of the lyrics. On the last night of SunCon, I attend a random room party. A Texan picks up his guitar and says, "Lemme sing you a song I learned just this weekend... Oh, give me a locus..." My publicity campaign has been a success.

Summer, 1978: "Home on Lagrange" is printed in *CoEvolution Quarterly*, an eclectic magazine put out by Stewart Brand and the *Whole Earth Catalog* crowd. Thirty dollars.

Fall, 1979: "Home on Lagrange" is reprinted in *The Endless Frontier, Volume I*, edited by Jerry Pournelle, from Ace Books. Twenty dollars, against royalties. The book will earn out, and the next seven years will bring us an additional \$4.54.

July, 1981: Hey, I have a steady job, and a little money, now. I decide to spend it on educating myself about space travel. When nobody in the Wheaton Public Library is looking, I tear a subscription card from a copy of *Aviation Week & Space Technology*. Having admired Arthur C. Clarke and his buddies for nearly two decades, I also join the British Interplanetary Society. Greg Ruffa has recently taken a job doing industrial astronomy with Western Union, controlling the Westar communications satellites. I pick his brains shamelessly.

February, 1983: My first lecture to an SF convention is delivered to seven or eight people at Capricorn. The concomm has included the title, "You Gotta Annihilate the Positive, Exterminate the Negative," in the program book, but has failed to provide congoers any further explanation of the topic of the talk (antimatter as rocket fuel). I run way too long. But it's kind of fun. I might do it again.

June, 1985: It's the night before Todd and Mary Lynn are to be married. The phone rings. Some experimenters testing cosmic-ray detectors in Fermilab's Neutrino East beams are flying a payload on Spacelab 3 next month. They've asked Gordon Koizumi if he wants to watch the Shuttle launch from the VIP bleachers. "No," he says, "but I know someone who would!" Gordon says I have to let them know immediately whether I'm going or not. Should I go? I consult some wedding guests in the living room. "YES!!" they shout. Foolish question.

July, 1985: I fly to Orlando, tour the Cape, sleep, and board the bus to the VIP area along with lots of contractor families. The bleachers are set up in the KSC dump. (No, Cap'n Al, I manfully resisted the temptation to go scrounging—I might not get invited back.) Pepsi is giving out free cans of soda pop, in honor of the first sodas in space. The labels read, "One Giant Sip For Mankind." Really.

The *Challenger*'s main engines ignite at T minus 8. They shut down again a few seconds later. Then the sound of the startup reaches us across three miles of swamp. I drive through the rain to Miami to visit my folks. Well, lots of people have seen a Shuttle launch. Hardly any have been privileged to witness a pad abort. And I have slides of it.

August, 1985: At the NASFiC Frank Hayes invites me to perform a few techie songs at the filksong concert. Naturally, I do "Home on Lagrange." It is recorded by Off Centaur Publications.

September, 1985: A little note in *AvWeek* mentions that the blue-ribbon National Commission on Space is soliciting public opinions on America's future in space, and will be holding forums in 15 cities. Hmm. I contact them for the schedule. Ann Arbor in November. (They're ignoring Chicago completely.) I want to see what the forum is like, but I'm embarrassed to go all that way just to hear a bunch of speeches. As my "admission price," I should deliver a statement of my own.

To my great surprise, I discover that I don't actually harbor a Burning Message The Government Must Hear. I cast about. The biggest problems with space travel—the roller coaster of the funding cycle, and the cost-per-pound to orbit—I can't research very well in my home library. I find a topic I *can* become an expert on in a few weeks: America should explore the asteroids.

Still I am timid about going up in front of all those experts. I get inspiration from a dinner with Margaret Pearson, Fermilab's head of Public Information, and Grote Reber, the man who singlehandedly kept radio astronomy alive for over a decade. They encourage me to go ahead and testify.

October, 1985: The Museum of Science and Industry in Chicago, the Midwest's greatest science museum (invariably known as "the one with the U-boat"), is building its first new addition in fifty years. The Henry Crown Space Center is an attached museum, with Omnimax theatre, devoted entirely to space travel. Opening day next summer is rushing toward the museum; they ask ISFIC, the parent body of Windycon, to help with an exhibit on Space Travel and Science Fiction. Hearing this, I offer myself to the ISFIC subcommittee as an expert

researcher. "You don't know anybody in Chicago fandom," I tell them, "who knows more about the history of SF, and more about the history of space travel, than me." They accept. (Actually, my fingers are crossed: there's Alex Eisenstein.) I propose writing an essay showing how SF directly inspired the pioneers of astronautics.

November, 1985: I set out for Ann Arbor with Max Monningh and Bill Leininger. My speech has given space-minded friends an excuse to go visit the Commission too. We crash at Tom Snoblen's house, and Barry Gehm joins us. I am the second speaker up, at 8:30 AM. I stumble through "The Case for a Vigorous Asteroid Exploration Program." U. of Michigan space scientists ram home the Roller Coaster Problem. Quite a few amateurs, like me, with fairly specific proposals. Lots of Captain Kirk speeches: It is Man's noble purpose to explore strange new worlds, et cetera. Best of all is Doctor Concrete, a civil engineer with an enthusiastic and inspiring presentation about making concrete out of lunar soil. NASA is giving him forty grams to experiment with.

I'm proud of Barry, who makes a very good impromptu speech before the "open mike" on the need for flexibility in research planning. The Commissioners present are Dr. Kathryn Sullivan, astronaut, and Dr. David Webb, some kind of space-policy gadfly. I am impressed by Webb's contention that L5 and other space advocacy groups can be effective in pushing to implement the Commission's recommendations. Maybe he's right.

December, 1985: Dale Skran, engineer, SF critic, GTer, and President of the North Jersey Chapter of the L5 Society, gives me an L5 membership for Christmas. This month I am also trying to persuade the local cable TV operators to put the Voyager 2 video feeds on their public-access channel when the spacecraft encounters Uranus in January. I have the necessary technical information from JPL. My letter sits on the wrong guy's desk for too long; in the end, despite many phone calls and last-minute running around, nothing will be done.

January, 1986: ISFIC has gotten its wires crossed, and the Museum begins to panic, not having heard from them for several months. Is it too late to make a contribution? I contact the Museum directly, sending them a copy of my ISFIC report. They put me in touch with the museum designers, Bedno & Bedno. Yes! Sure they can use me! What's happening in this 17th-century woodcut? "That's Cyrano, rising to the sun in his solar-powered ramjet phone booth." Is the object on the cover of the December, 1932 *Wonder Stories* a spaceship or a time machine? (A tough one. I call the MIT switchboard and get the number of the MITSFS Library. I speak to Bob Vanderhyde, an undergraduate lounging around. "Can you please scan the story? I'll call back in fifteen minutes." It's a time machine.) "You can't leave out Chesley Bonestell! He's the granddaddy of all astronomical artists!" I explain the Moon Hoax, loan them my Bonestell slides, persuade them to include Hermann Oberth.

Voyager 2 comes through wonderfully at the end of the month. Weird moons, dark rings, a featureless blue Uranus. On the day of the final Voyager press conference, I am in a cryogenics seminar at Fermilab. A technician rushes in and announces, "The Shuttle just blew up!"

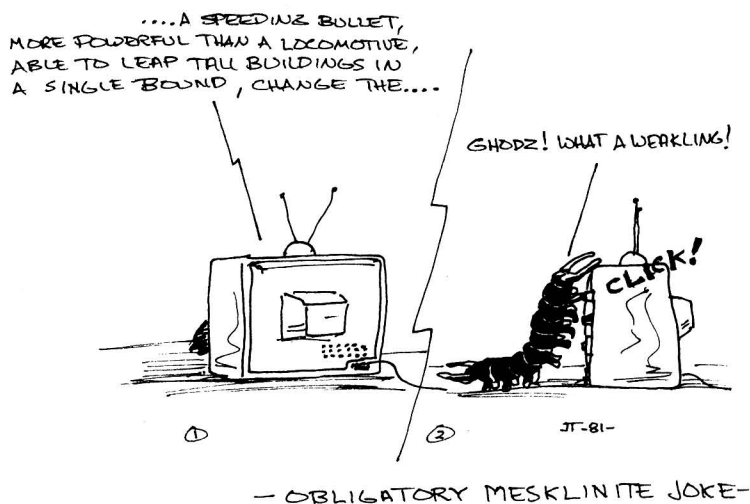
February, 1986: Gay Canough, a Notre Dame physicist working at Fermilab (but quite space-mad), has persuaded me to start coming to meetings of the Chicago Society for Space Studies. Once a month at the Adler Planetarium, CSSS presents a speaker on some space topic. They have a talented corps of amateurs, and supplement them with occasional professional astronomers or engineers. In addition, I've encountered the local L5ers at Capricorn, and they've asked me to give a talk at one of their meetings.

April, 1986: Off Centaur releases a tape called *Austin Ditty Lim-its*, a collection of filksongs from the NASFiC. It features "Home on Lagrange," performed by one Larry Higgins. My only chance at fame, and they get my name wrong. (They fixed it in a second printing.) Royalties of over nine dollars are little comfort. I wanted stardom...

May, 1986: I meet a kid working in a computer store. We converse about the Voyager mission. He is taking an astronomy course in high school (Astronomy? In a high school?). Would I come speak to the class? The teacher, Sharon Schnepf, invites me, and I give a talk on Voyager to the students at Lake Park High School.

June, 1986: In the same weekend—my 10th college reunion weekend, as it happens—I appear on a "Challenger Disaster" panel at the CSSS meeting and deliver my "Before the V-2" lecture to the Greater Chicago L5 chapter. I'm getting more involved with the L5 folks: They want to bid for the national Space Development Conference in '89, and they can use someone with SF convention experience. I wind up as some kind of bidding-committee official.

July, 1986: The Crown Space Center opens. I see "The Dream Is Alive" four times this month. My parents come up from Miami at month's end, and I get to show them my name on a "Special Thanks To" plaque in the SF exhibit. Egoboo city!



October, 1986: With other Chicago L5 members, I attend the Second Midwest Space Development Conference in Cleveland. We rub elbows with other space enthusiasts, trying to create the impression with both the locals and the nationally known bigwigs that Chicago would be a perfectly grand place to hold the '89 national convention. (At month's end, we learn that they've agreed. Now we actually have to put one on, not just talk about it. Scary.) Lots of good people there, some informative talks. David Webb is there to inspire everybody. Unless we—the space buffs—devote ourselves to the task, he tells us, a spacefaring civilization will not arise, or at least Americans won't be part of it. I get to play "Home on Lagrange" at one of the parties Saturday evening.

* * *

By the end of 1986 I am firmly launched on a career as a space activist, and getting in deeper all the time. L5 chapter activities and the Space Development Conference committee take up more of my attention and time. I begin to go to regional and national conferences for activists. I cultivate contacts with Chicagoans who are doing space-related work (can they come speak to the chapter?). I even begin attending occasional professional conferences in search of good speakers for the 1989 SDC. The L5 Society merges with the National Space Society.

There are eight megapeople living in Chicago's sphere, yet only about fifty come to L-5 or CSSS meetings. A lot of untapped potential there. I'm giving another talk next month...

* * *

July, 2076: The Oberth City space colony is finally granted independence by the USA. Among its first acts, the legislature designates the official National Anthem of the new country. Thousands of baseball fans rise to their feet in Coriolis Stadium and join their voices in song.

In the 3V lounge of the Spacefarer's Rest nursing home deep within Phobos, Barry and I exchange knowing looks. Our accounts have just been credited with another royalty payment.

• We are pleased to announce that Amanda Catherine Trembley was born to Bob and Connie on Thursday, 18 August 1988, outside Detroit. She weighed seven pounds, twelve ounces at birth and massed 3.06 kilograms. Amanda joins sister Rachel Trembley, already a leading socialite in the Boomlet Techie set.

• American Dream Department: Alice Bentley quit Fermilab's Main Control Room early this year and opened a new science fiction bookstore in Chicago. Alice's partner in the venture is Greg Ketter, who runs the Dreamhaven SF bookstore and gallery in Minneapolis, is publisher at Corroboree Press, and sits behind huckster tables at many an SF con. The new store, The Stars Our Destination, opened 18 April at 2966 North Clark Street, just a couple of blocks north of Diversey and a couple south of Belmont. Phone is (312)871-2722, or UR1-CRAB if you like mnemonics. Greg and Alice are attempting to stock all in-print paperbacks and a generous selection of hardcovers, as well as T-shirts, posters, and the quality SF art books Greg is known for peddling. Check it out when you're in the Second City.

• Who says ceramic high-temperature superconductors have no practical uses? Practical people are making money selling sample superconductors to curiosity seekers like you and me. Some Colorado space enthusiasts have begun making the stuff in their garages and basements.

Colorado Futurescience, Inc.
Jerry Emanuelson, Coordinator
2405 Eagle View Drive
Colorado Springs, CO 80909-1911
(719)634-0185

Regular prices are unknown, but a piece the size of a half-dollar, with a tiny samarium-cobalt magnet to levitate on it, was twelve bucks to at least one customer. They'll also sell you kits with chemicals and tools for making the stuff—you supply the furnace and the oxygen.

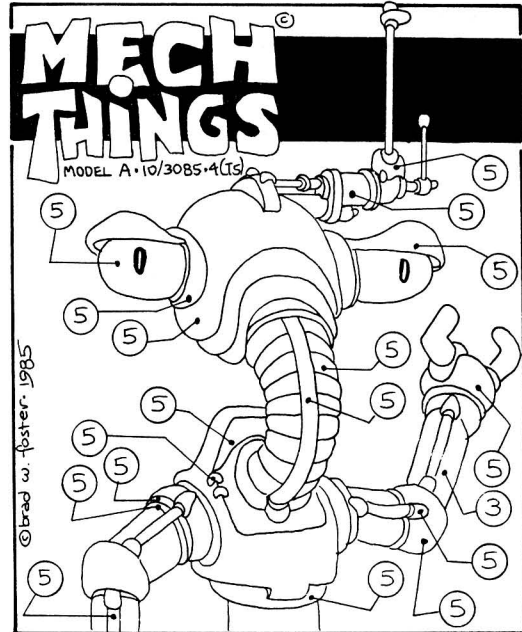
• Bill Higgins has gotten mixed up with the Space People (does Elvis know about this?), and is helping to run the Space Development Conference on Memorial Day weekend, 1989. To be held at the Hyatt O'Hare in Chicago, this is the annual national convention of the National Space Society (which swallowed the L5 Society) and other space advocacy groups. Confirmed attendees include former Apollo astronauts James Lovell and Eugene Cernan, former NASA director Thomas Paine, and speakers involved in such projects as Voyager, the American space station, American Rocket Company, and Biosphere II. SF writers attending include James Hogan, Robert Forward, Ben Bova, Stanley Schmidt, Frederik Pohl, and Roland Green. Memberships are \$45 until 15 September 1988. For details write to Space Development Conference, P. O. Box 64397, Chicago, Illinois 60664-0397.

• If you have access to the noncommercial computer networks, such as Bitnet, Usenet, or the Arpanet/Internet, you can join a mailing list for General Technics members that Hugh Daniel maintains. If you don't, the rest of this paragraph won't make any sense. Send your request to be added to the list to:

Arpanet: general.technics-request%hoptoad.uucp@lll-crg.ARPA

UUCP: ...lll-winken!lll-crg!hoptoad!general.technics-request

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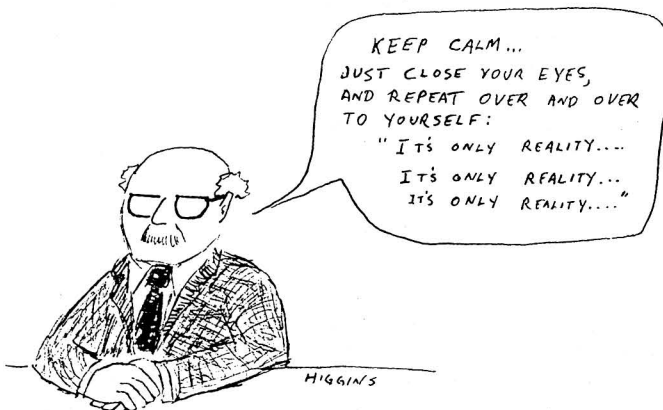
• Bet you were wondering what happened to Jeff Duntemann, founding editor of PyroTechnics. Wonder no more: Jeff and Carol are alive and well in Northern California. After a few years as technical editor of PC Tech Journal, Jeff has become Editor in Chief of *Turbo Techniz* magazine for Borland International. (Hmm, mighty familiar-sounding title there.) Borland is Philippe Kahn's company, the folks who pioneered good, cheap, fast compilers for the PC (Turbo Pascal, Turbo Prolog, etc.). If you're interested in hard-core technical poop on these languages, *Turbo Techniz* is available at 4585 Scotts Valley Drive, Scotts Valley, CA 95066. Subscriptions are \$49.95/year, or free if you sent in your warranty card from a Borland product. Jeff says that his book *II Turbo Pascal* is just coming out in Italy, and has become the number 1 bestselling computer book in Holland.

• The revival of the SF magazine *Starwind*, on the launch pad for years, is set to light the fuse this fall. Susannah West and Dave Powell are ready to make Ripley, Ohio the SF publishing capital of the Midwest. Believe it or not. *Starwind* is a quarterly, \$14.00 a year, \$3.50 an issue.

Starwind Publications
Box 98
Ripley, Ohio 45167

Susannah says they've got plenty of fiction for the next few issues, but are hungry for science-fact articles. It's a paying market, techies; write for details.

• Keith Thorne and Kathy Ford are engaged to be married. Plans call for Lansing in November... Colleen Kobe and Duane Corpe are expecting a new Iowa techie in April. Others on the way will belong to Mary and Rolf Wilson and Avi and Jim Swain... Greg Ruffa has forsaken industrial astronomy for the muse Urania, and starts at the University of Minnesota this fall, joining Andy Anda and Annette Kavanaugh who've been laboring in the academic vineyards for a while now...





Adventures In Thyme And Spice...

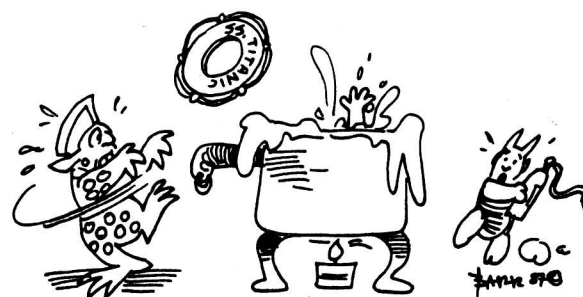
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This is a fannish cookbook that was started over a year ago, and contains over 180 recipes gathered from fannish as well as non-fannish sources. Some are healthy, and others are downright decadent. Two are believed to be inedible...

All the profits from this effort are being split between two charities: The International Snow Leopard Trust; a group that is working to save the white leopards of Tibet from extinction; and Make a Wish Incorporated; a group of people who go out of their way to make the dreams of terminally ill children come true.

And I'd like to help them, so I put together a cookbook with the generous help of artists and friends who donated material. I would like to have cookbooks in hand by Windcon this year, but in order to achieve that goal, I have to sell 31 more advance copies by then, so that the cookbook sales will pay for the printing. It's too big a dollar sign for me to handle alone.

How soon real copies of the finished book are available to buy out of hand totally depends on how long it takes me to raise the money. I can accept payment in person or by mail and when they are ready to deliver, you can pick them up from me at a con, or I can mail them to you for the shipping cost below. Please order soon!!!



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PyroTechnics

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